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By

One of the Teachers known
to thee, O gentle Reader



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ARGUMENT

ACCORDING to the legend, upon the announcement being made at creation "Let us make man," the angels were much agitated.

The angel of Peace ventured to say that the direful consequence would be war, which would mean widows and orphans, violence and ruin. The angel of Charity took up the strain and foretold that man would be selfish, vile-tongued, cruel and untruthful. At this moment all the angelic choirs united in the chorus of the Seraphs (see Isa. vi. 3.) "Holy, holy, holy," etc.

As man, according to the angels Peace and Charity, would lead an unholy life, his creation would therefore mean a discord.

But the Angel of Love spoke, and compelled attention by the beauty of her voice. She pleaded for man, and promised the end of the Seraph-song, "His glory filleth the whole earth," would be fulfilled, if only she might be allowed to touch man's heart.

A deep silence ensued. It was broken by the voice of the Creator, who declared that man must be created, and who bade Love, with Peace and Charity, Purity and Righteousness be his guardian angels. Universal Happiness would one day be supreme on Earth, and Love would accomplish the miracle.

Thus concludes the Introduction.

Then, in a dream, the ancient monarchies are seen to pass in review, and also the awful ancient cults, whereupon

I saw

*The angel Peace weep bitterly ! I saw
Sweet Purity unfold her wings and fly
In horror from an impure world ! I saw
Fair Virtue hide in terror, Chastity
Lie crouching in the mire . . .*

The angels Love, Peace and Charity at last pluck a plant from Judea's hills, which nestles and grows beneath Cross and Crescent. As a result, Church and Mosque alike point heavenward for man's guidance, preparing him thus for true Progress.

The later nations pass in review, among them England who writes "Liberty" on History's scroll. A brief allusion to England's world-work follows, when she is seen to touch a land beyond the ocean and write the word "Liberty" on the hearts of its people. Then, in the dream, the word takes root, and like the plant plucked from Judea, bears wonderful fruit amid branches named Love, Peace, Charity, Purity and Righteousness,—after man's ministering angels.

The tree is the American nation, which is thus born through England's deeds. To spread such teachings over the world for all mankind to enjoy the fruits is declared to be America's world-mission.

A short resumé of American History follows, and America and England

one in faith,
In language, ancestry, in common much
Of History and heritage from pens
Which have immortalized the English tongue—
are seen to perform their mission by jointly addressing the nations
of the world in the names of Love, Peace, Charity, Purity and
Righteousness.

The nations heed. War ceases. Arbitration rules. Universal Happiness becomes real on Earth.

Again the angelic choirs sing the Seraphs' anthem, and Earth responds, no longer in discord, but now in harmony, declaring "Earth is filled with His glory." For His glory is the happiness of His creatures, even as an earthly king's glory is the happiness of his subjects.

The creation of man is thus explained.

It is the completion of God's glory on earth.

“O KING Supreme! Thou rulest all the spheres
That swing through space. The shuttle of Thy will
Is weaving all the wondrous web we call
Thy robe of glory—this, Thy Universe!
Thy word hath been proclaimed ‘Let us make man!’
O God, create him not! Thy Heavens sing
Thy glory! Earth, this new born orb, designed
To be one jewel more to fringe Thy robe,
Will never echo back with man thereon
That chorus of the Seraphim, which swells
With harmonies of Ophanim, Hayoth,
And all the angel-hosts that voice that song!
This Earth, the youngest child of all Thy worlds,
Is called into existence but to tell
Thy handiwork. But Thou, dost Thou need that?
These Heavens witness that! Much more Thy Heav’n
Of Heavens where Shechinah’s glories pass
The pow’rs of creature’s finite mind to grasp!
Then Earth, this puny Earth, at best can add
One single note towards the chorus which
Attests what is with sound stupendous voiced
From end to end of all Thy Universe!
But Earth, if marred with man’s misdeeds, will mean
A discord in the music of the spheres!
O bear with me, for who am I to speak
To Thee, O great Creator? Only this I ask

To add to what I have already dared
To speak—that man, whom Thou design'st
To make a living being, will detract
From what we call Thy glory. Thou art King
Of all the Universe. The happiness
Of all Thy subjects, all Thy creatures—that
Most truly constitutes Thy glory ; that
Declares Thy majesty, Thy greatness ; that
Proclaims Thy wisdom ! But this creature, man,
Will tear, and rob, and crush, and fill the Earth
With tears, with woe, with wrong, with war ! Alas,
The very sound of that accursèd word
Affrights me ! Maimèd bodies, shortened lives,
The sobs of widows and of orphans,—blood
To stain, and fire to blacken Earth's fair face !
O, war means Hatred, Ruin, Violence !
From off the Earth must Purity and Love
Forever fly, and Virtue fold her wings
In agony of outraged soul. Alas,
Unhappiness will be the psalm of life
As Earth will hymn it. Father, let me ask
Of Thee, create him not ! Create him not ! ”

So spake amid deep sobbings in the hosts
Of angels, those who minister before
The throne of Him whose being is too vast
For angel's soul to faintly guess—so spake
The angel Peace.

*

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For fiat had gone forth
“Let man exist!” And at the sound thereof
The angels wept.

* * *
And angel Peace withdrew.
* * *

Then in his place stood forth sweet Charity.
And thus she spoke.

“May I be heard, O King?
This creature who will lord the earth, behold
His heart will be of adamant. The sounds
Of brother’s misery, of brother’s wants,
Of brother’s rights, will never wake his soul
To sympathy which must in human heart
Be stirred ere happiness can fill the earth!
Foul selfishness will make him seek his own
Advantage, aye, will blind his eye and still
His tongue when he might move to act, or speak
To help a fallen brother! O so stained
A heart! So vile a tongue! A heart which plans
His gain at others’ loss—a tongue which stabs
With cruel, vile, untruthful word, or which,
With equal treachery, keeps silence when
A brother’s honor is assailed! Alas,
That I must speak such unkind thoughts! But Truth,
The signet of Thy hand, my being sealed!
I must, with those whom Thou hast crowned with pow’r
To know the motives which will move this man—

^ Made little lower than the angels—speak
As Truth compels. O great Creator, hear
My pray'r, create him not, create him not ! ”

* * *

Then flashed the Fires, then moved strange Elements
And Powers, Agencies and Mysteries,
'Mid sounds that thrilled, and dazzling lights that gleamed,
While wondrous choirs invisible on high
An anthem voiced, whose echoes filled all space.
And Heaven's portals seemed to lift and shake,
As high'r and high'r their music rang out words
Which moved and swayed the inmost souls of all
The angel host to sing the seraph song :
“ O Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord
Of Hosts. ”

* * *

They sang, and hardly died the sound
Away, before they heard a voice begin
Alone, so soft, so sweet, so pure, so clear,
So beautiful, that all stood rapt and lost
In ecstasy.

* * *

“ 'Tis Love,—the angel Love ! ”
They whispered when they gained the pow'r to speak
A word.

And thus the angel Love was heard
To end the chorus of the choirs on high :

“ His glory filleth all the earth,* O hear
 O hear ye heavens, hear O Universe,
 His glory filleth all the earth,—it fills
 The earth ! it fills the earth ! and blessed be
 The glory of the Lord from out the place
 Wherein He is !† And He is there on earth
 As He in Heav’n is here ! O blessed be
 The glory of the Lord, it fills the earth !
 Oh ! man will work to make it fill the earth
 If Thou, O Lord, wilt let me touch his heart ! ”

* * *

Then silence reigned. And all the marshalled hosts
 In reverence bent low to hear a sound
 Which strangely and most wondrously entranced
 The hearers as it broke the silence.

* * *

Thus

It said :

“ O Purity, O Uprightness,
 Who stand before My throne, and who, with Love
 With mercy wreathed, complete My glory, ‡ know
 O Peace, O Charity, O Angels all,
 I speak, and lo, it stands ! Let man exist ! Behold,
 He lives ! Attend him, Purity ! Attend
 Him, Uprightness and Peace and Charity !
 Attend him Love, and teach ideals high !
 When human vice stains Purity, when man

*Seraph's Hymn, (Is. vi. 3) †Hymn of Ophanim, (Ezek. iii. 12) ‡Ancient Creation Hymn

By evil deed puts Righteousness to flight,
When from the path of Peace he strays, O Love,
Be thine the task to teach him Right! And when
Foul selfishness defiles the soul I breathe
Within him, then, O Love, be thine the task
To root it out! I will that man shall be!
I will that he shall pass through trial, woe
And even war, to Universal Peace
On earth! I will that he shall learn to know
That Brotherhood complete must be for him
The goal to aim at in the face of all
That hind'reth! Universal Happiness
Shall then exist and be for ever known!
This miracle shalt thou, O Love, achieve,
For in this happiness on earth I find
My glory."

* * *

Thus He spake, and then again
Flashed lights. Strange elements, strange mysteries
Again were felt to thrill the Sebaoth!
Again the choirs invisible awoke
The harmonies whose chords vibrating made
Those hosts respond in reverential awe,
"O Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord
Of hosts. His glory filleth all the earth."

* * *

I dreamed.

And from my vision I was waked

As man is wakened from his sleep. Beside
Me stood a messenger divine. I asked,
“What meaneth this my vision?” Then again
I slept and dreamed by wondrous spell entranced.

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I saw how mankind fell, how mankind rose, .
I saw great monarchies bestride the earth,
Huge Babylon, proud Egypt, grand Assur,
Vast Persia, mighty Hellas, cruel Rome,
In turn held sway until barbaric hordes
With sword and torch made mankind's work a wreck !
I saw oppression, immorality,
Injustice, slavery, defile the earth !
I saw false cults make sin divine. I saw
Men's minds misled by myths mishaped until
The names of Ba'al and of Ashteroth,
Both quickened in Religion's holy name
The vile and foul in mankind's hearts ! I saw
Grim Moloch drip with infant's blood ! I saw
The gods of Greece and Rome held up for man
To copy in his passions ! O, I saw
The angel Peace weep bitterly ! I saw
Sweet Purity unfold her wings and fly
In horror from an impure world ! I saw
Fair Virtue hide in terror, Chastity
Lie crouching in the mire ! “How long, O Lord,
How long ?”—I cried—“Shall Might be always Right ?
Shall Treason strangle Reason's pow'r for aye ?

Shall Vice be always Voice most powerful ? ”

* * *

I waked in agony.

* * *

Again I dreamed.

I saw upon the ruins of the world
Which pagan sword and pagan thought had built
Another world arise. 'Twas planned, 'twas built
With miracle. I saw the angels Love
And Charity and Peace together work !
From out Judea's lonely hills they plucked
A plant. It nestled in Europa's lands
Beneath the cross. It grew where crescent shone.
Then church and mosque with spire and minaret
Together pointed upwards, Godwards—thus
Preparing men for path of Progress true,
The path that leads to human happiness !
I saw great nations born and grow. Proud Spain,
Great Allemaigne and scarlet Rome, a France,
The Czar-land—all engaged my dream. But not
The least was one which wrote upon the scroll
Of History a word which summed its work
For mankind's weal. 'Twas ' Liberty ' it wrote ;
And England was the writer. O thou land—
The mother of so much which blesseth earth—
Thy name shall live until the Heav'ns in smoke
Shall vanish, and the earth wax old, for thou
Hast taught the blessed word to modern world—

That word whose letters spell sweet 'Liberty!'
Then through my vision swiftly ran the scenes
Of Runnymede, of Marsten Moor, of halls
Where old Westminster weaves its potent spell
To-day of Reason, as of old it wove
Religion in the hearts of worshippers.

* * *

Again from out my vision I was waked
As one is wakened from his sleep. I looked,
Behold again the messenger divine
Addressed me saying: "Man, what seest thou?"

* * *

Like Pethor's seer who, thrown into a trance,
Beheld a vision with his opened eye
Illumined with the mystic prophet-fire,
So I beheld great England touch a land
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse, and write
Upon the hearts of all her children there
The holy word of Liberty. And like
The plant the angels plucked from Zion's hill
It seemed as if that word took root, put forth
Strong branches here and there, bore goodly fruit
Of potent perfume, wonderful in taste,
And mighty to intoxicate with spell
The races of humanity which stretched
The hand to take the fruit with eagerness!
And thus I read the name of every branch—
The branches Purity and Righteousness,

The branch of Peace, the branch of Charity,
The branch of Loving-kindness. Then I knew
That man's redeeming angels there had worked
The miracle to call to life a race
Created but to voice to all the world
Its mission 'Purity and Righteousness,
With Charity and Peace,—in one word Love!'
O mission glorious! O mission grand!
Know this thy world-work, great America!

* * *

Then in my dream I marked her throbs of birth—
I heard the bell toll Freedom through the land.
I saw the sulphured smoke, the tongues of fire,
The reeling lines of armed men, the truce—
From Bunker Hill and Lexington to where
St. George's cross saluted Stars and Stripes.
I noted all—aye more, I noted how
That contest waked a dormant world,
How nations heard and quaked; how Liberty
Fraternity, Equality became
The battle-cry which maddened sons of France,
And dyed Europa's fields with crimson stain.
O Liberty, sweet Liberty, first heard
When Egypt's yoke was shattered, and a race
Went forth to Freedom, destined to bestow
Upon the waiting world the wondrous Book,
The 'Book of Books' wherefrom the Puritan
Drank deep the draught of Liberty and taught

The world to fight for Freedom !

* * *

Still I dreamed.

No vision of high Heaven's realm entranced
My soul. On earth's more lowly sphere I gazed.
To mark America embarked upon
Her mission. Sped the years, quick sped the years,
When once again I waked in wonderment
And terror. . . . O the horror, when aroused
By war's alarms ! I cried aloud to him
Whose presence though unseen was felt so near—
“ My lord, what mean these things ? The sound of war
Is in the land ! The earth resounds with tramp
Of marshalled hosts---it quakes beneath the rush
Of mighty squadrons and artillery !
See brother fighting brother---blue and gray---
The tongues of flame, the thund'ring sounds, the call
Of bugles, ring of bullets, crash of horse
And shouts of man---all horrible---confused---
As if from hell were raging demons loosed
To vomit hate and strife ! O where is Peace---
O where is Charity, O where is Love ! ”

* * *

And then I saw them weeping, and I asked
Must these things be ?

* * *

“ O son of man,” I heard

A voice reply, " America to-day
Removes the stain which mars her shield of fame,
The poison which would paralyse her strength---
Her very life ! Alas the need for sword
To cut away the stain, for fire to burn
The poison out ! But stronger, firmer, aye
And nobler yet, America shall be,
When stain and poison, known as slavery,
Shall be for aye eliminate. "

* * *

I sighed.

" Give thanks for our deliverance, O pray
That God will lead us all along the paths
Of Penitence, submission to His will,
To unity, to peace fraternal ! "

Thus

Proclaimed the noble man who stood the head
Of union, elect by Providence.

* * *

The pain was o'er. Then Purity embraced
With Righteousness. Then Peace and Charity
And Loving-kindness dried their tears and sped
To heal the wounds the hateful strife had made.
They touched all darkened homes, all saddened hearts,
So widows wept with orphans, and strong men
United in the cry ' Enough ! ' And time
Had hardly passed, and Peace was hardly heard,
Ere Charity proclaimed ' Forgive, ' and Love

Declared that hearts beneath the blue and gray
Were pulsed with common blood. "The past is passed,
Its dead are buried" echoed ev'ry man,
From rocks of Maine to Texan coast, from East,
Where Sumter woke the storm of war, to West
Where wavelets gently kiss the Golden Gate.

* * *

"O son of man, what seest thou? I looked. . .
It was the messenger divine who spoke.
I saw the canvas of the future spread
Before my wond'ring eyes—America
Her noble mission was fulfilling, hand
In hand with mother England, one in faith,
In language, ancestry, in common much
Of history and heritage from pens
Which have immortalised the English tongue.
O noble mother, noble daughter, God
Hath holy work for you on Earth!

I saw

Europa's sturdy children, and the hosts
Of hoary Asia, Afric's sons—all lend
Th' attentive ear to words that fell from both,
These nations born of Purity and Right,
The race whose very roots are Charity
And Peace, whose sap of life is Love—the race
Which spreads its branches bearing all these names
To shelter all humanity. They spake,
Great England and America, and bade

Th' assembled world give ear !

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O brothers heed !

Let Peace and Charity and Love be heard ;
They are the angels of humanity
To guide us all to Peace and Brotherhood,
And on to Universal Happiness.
And then America thus spoke her word :
“ Let warfare end. Let arbitration rule ! ”
Ye brother-nations hear me testify.
O see how Heaven's blessing prospers me !
I know no curse of standing armies raised
By force of vile conscription. All my sons
May give their years and all their strength to fight
For bread, for wives, for children. Yet were need
To call, a million men would march to fight
For honor and for Liberty. O ye,
My brothers, break for aye the curse of war !
Make free your sons to give their years, their strength
To wife and child, by industry to build
Their nation's might ! And then if quarrel rise,
Let arbitration hold its Holy Court,
Unbiassed, pure, and by us all upheld !
Whereon the sound of England's voice was heard
'Tis time enough to march our hosts allied,
When any nation shall defy the Court—
And then enforce compliance. In the names
Of Peace and Charity and Love, and by

The God of Purity and Righteousness,
We solemnly adjure you, one and all,
Abolish war, for we are brothers. Yea,
Abolish war! Might makes not right. Leave tooth
And claw to brutes. Be men. Be sons of God!"
They spake.

And mankind answered back "Amen"!

* * *

Once more I saw the marshalled hosts on high.
Once more the dazzling colors glowed, and pow'rs
And agencies moved angel-bands to glide
And swiftly fly to do Divine behest!
Once more the mighty chorus was upraised,
And then a sudden silence reigned supreme.

* * *

A moment . . . and a Voice was heard to say:
"My glory is My children's happiness!
'Tis now revealed on earth! Ye angels whom
I charged to guide and teach my creature, man,
O Purity and Righteousness, O Peace
And Charity, O Love, your task is done,
My glory filleth all the earth!"

* * *

'Twas said.

And once again the songs celestial
Were hymned with wondrous harmonies by choirs
Enthroned on high; and then the voice of Love
Took up the melody and thrilled the spheres,

While Seraphim and Cherubim were bound
By mighty spell, and Ophanim, the Hosts
Of Holy Beings, Tsebaoth, were tranced.
For thus the voice of Love began to sing:
“O Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord
Of Hosts”—the angels’ anthem—whereupon,
The Heavens rang with diapason grand,
The very stars seemed all to sing for joy:
“O Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord
Of Hosts!”

And then from earth there came response
“His glory filleth all the earth”

I waked.

I mused. I understood that Love had worked
Her miracle! I cried

* * *

America!

Thy mission is for universal Peace!
Make thou the overtures, let peace be heard!
Let all the past by Charity be palled!
O England, mother of so much which stands
For standard of nobility and Right,
Let Love heal wrongs! Then earth shall be a scene
Of Human Happiness at last complete,
Revealing thus the glory of the Lord!
O great America, if Israel
Is called the first-born* of the God of all,

* Exod. iv. 22.

Yet thou art His beloved child, endowed
With Purity and Righteousness to make
For Peace, for Charity, for Love on earth.
O great and noble England, blessed of God!
Do this thy task and help to bring the day
When "Love and Truth shall meet; and Righteousness
And Peace shall kiss, when Truth from earth shall spring,
And Charity look down from Heaven"*—thus
To blot out all of Earth's unhappy past.
Thou England, thou America, know ye,
Your mission is to work with Israel,
The priestly race† commissioned in His Book
Of Books, to lead Humanity to God.

* Psalm LXXXV. 10, 11

† Exod. xix. 6

